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KILLAMS MILLS

Northern Messenger

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And He Said, 'I Will Not Destroy it for the Ten's Sake.'

(Josephine Dodge Daskam, in the 'Atlantic.')

Look back and see this brooding tenderness
Ye wait till Bethlehem? Nay then, not 11
Under the law doth Israel ever sigh?
Is there no mercy till the great Redress?
See now, amid the nameless wickedness
Love dreadeth lest one soul of His should die,
Spareth and faltereth and passeth by,
Soft'ning the law to ease a son's distress.

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?
Ay, child, and more! thou hast not learned to spell
Love's first great letter; centuries of pain
Still leave Him terrible in thy scared sight
Who quencheth with His tears the fires of hell,
And yearneth o'er the cities of the plain!

—From 'Favorite Bible Stories,' Frederick Warne & Co.

ABRAHAM AND THE THREE ANGELS.

Life-Abounding.

To abound, one must have enough for oneself and some to give to others; notice boys when school is out, rushing from the door, running over with life, life abounding. So rooted in Christ, filled with the joy of the Holy Spirit, we come out of Grumble Row and take up our residence on Thanksgiving Avenue. It took David out of the mire and clay and put a new song in his mouth, a song of joy; there is no power in Christian life where there is no joy. Many Christians are like pumps, in order to get any water out you must first pour water in, but where there is rooted life, the Christian's heart is bubbling over with joy and praise.

Two men were travelling over one of the double tracked railroads in the West, one noticed that the road they were going west on was dry and dusty, while the other on which the west-bound train ran was green and fresh looking. Asking the cause, his companion told him the west-bound road carried empty cars to the wheat regions, and was dry and dusty, while the east-bound road carried loaded cars from the wheat country, the cars being full the wheat rolled out and kept the track fresh and green. Beloved over which road are you travelling? If your heart is empty the road will be dry and dusty, but if your heart is full, abounding in the love of God, and the power of the Holy Ghost, the road will be fresh and green over which you travel.

The secret of abounding is abiding, and in order to abide in Christ our hearts must be clean, and when we are clean and rooted in Christ, abiding in Him and He in us, our hearts abounding in the love and power of the Holy Ghost, there is no doubt, but all is joy and certainty, we no longer hope we are saved but know it. We can shout with Job, 'I know that my Redeemer lives,' and with Paul, 'I know whom I have believed.'—Selected.

A Windfall Message.

It was easy for the gossiping woman in the old story to obey when her confessor told her to walk a mile, scattering feathers. But the other half of her penance was to go back and gather them up again. The difficulty of undoing scattered mischief was her lesson.

Heaven has made it equally difficult to undo scattered good. More than that, we may believe that no right deed or word is ever lost, while many a wrong one is forgiven and forgotten.

A leaf of an Australian newspaper, left to the chance of the winds, was tossed about the plains of Victoria, and finally blown to the foothills beyond Ballarat, where a lonely shepherd lived with his sheep in 'the bush.'

One day he saw and picked up the soiled paper, delighted to find something he could read. To his disappointment, nearly the whole of one page was covered by a printed sermon; but its opening sentences caught his attention and held him till he began to be interested. He devoured every word, to the end of the last column.

It was a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon. The solitary, a man past middle life, had been so long a stranger to everything its theme and language expressed, and so far away from the sacred scenes and privileges it suggested, that the human soul within him had starved and withered, and he had grown almost as numb and neutral in moral feeling as the four-footed creatures he tended.

The reading of that discourse shook him from the slumber of years. He read it again and again; and the Gospel that was in it

taught him and lifted him and made him rejoice.

Five years after a minister in Geelong, conversing with some of his hearers after an evening service, was introduced to a gray-haired man who had a story to tell. He was the old shepherd of the wilderness.

'I am a poor man,' he said, when he had related how and where he breathed his first Christian breath, 'but God thought I was worth saving, or He never would have blown that leaf to me in the bush.'—'American Messenger.'

Postal Crusade.

Two dollars have come from a friend in Maxville, Ont., and one dollar from 'Two Western Children who read the "Messenger,"' and there is a balance at the 'Witness' office of $12.75. Thank you all very much. I will use this in sending out 'Witness' publications to India. Letters are coming from India constantly asking for papers, and telling how much they are appreciated. So far I've nothing like the amount required to pay expenses, and I have decided not to order, or take one step until I can meet all the obligations. My time is free in the matter, but I cannot incur any debt on the work. If it is of God, I feel quite sure the money will come. Before me lies a letter with these words from a medical missionary, who some years ago did not encourage the work, but has evidently changed his mind. 'We are opening up a new Medical and Gospel work in India. The place has a good school where English is taught, and we shall have a grand opportunity to open a reading-room and to put Christian literature in the hands of young men there. Have you any friends who could furnish $10 a year to rent a room for a reading-room?

Could you kindly supply us with some good reading, as the 'Witness,' 'Northern Messenger,' etc? Yesterday, to my amazement, a perfect stranger who had heard me refer to this without any intention of soliciting assistance, came and slipped some money into my hand. I do not know when anything touched me as much, and I felt, 'well, this is a seal of the Master's approval.' Kindly note my change of address, and in sending contributions please send postal notes or money orders. I cannot promise to reply, but will acknowledge through the 'Northern Messenger.' I cannot possibly undertake any private correspondence to India or in Canada. I am regularly employed on a daily paper here. When letters come asking for papers, if there is money to pay for the subscriptions, I will order at once. If not, those in India who do not receive a reply will understand.

If the demand for a paper is genuine, and the work is to be, I feel sure the money will come.—Faithfully,

M. EDWARDS COLE.

169 Nicholas St., Ottawa, Ont.

PERSONAL RECEIPTS.

Received since January 1st:—$20.00 for Kodamma; $20.00 for Titus from two devoted sisters; $2.00 from Maxville; $1.00 from Two Western Children; 10c. from Unknown.

Advice to Young Women.

'The conclusion of the whole matter' is to be found in a leaflet by Miss Willard, headed 'A New Calling for Women.' It is a reprint of an article from 'The Woman's Herald,' and is a reply to a young dressmaker who desires to get away from her humdrum life of work from nine in the morning till eight at night. She would like to give her life to the Temperance cause. Miss Willard replies to her with advice, the value of which cannot be over-estimated. 'If I were a dressmaker,' she says, 'with the views I now hold, it would be my first effort to introduce into every guild to which I belonged . . . the direct, persistent effort to "secure therei na total abstinence section." . . . I should then begin to read papers and publications of these societies little by little, in snatches of time, so as to become intelligent about their purposes and plans. I should then begin to speak a little to my own group . . . putting my thoughts together while I was working at my trade.' And so on. There it is in a nutshell. Would you achieve great things? Be absolutely sure that you are doing all you can in your work to-day, not only for the mere routine work itself, but for your own mind and heart as well. You would be a good speaker? You never will so long as "Tit-Bits" is the only occupation of your stray minutes. You would fain discover new worlds? Then mend your gloves, and put the price of the new pair towards a small telescope. You would like to be nurse to another Earl of Shaftesbury? Give all the powers of heart and brain to the care of the 'ugly ducking' in the commonplace brood you have charge of to-day. God never yet gave anybody a greater thing to do because she had neglected a lesser thing. We must follow our aspirations a step at a time, one step after another, or not at all.

In every city, town and village there are boys and men who hang about upon the streets at night. The education they receive is all for the worse. It makes them hoodlums and tramps and criminals. Professor Norton, of Harvard, urged parental discipline in the home, moral training in the schools, and a courageous enforcement of the laws by the town officers. He made the suggestion that an efficient means to this end would be the organization of a body of the better citizens in each town or village to give definite support to the officials in their work of suppressing lawlessness in all its stages, and of stamping out the rough and the hoodlum.—'Herald and Presbyter.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

For the special Industrial Fund which the Society is now raising for the purpose of extending and furnishing workshops in connection with the Orphanage, the treasurer has received $480.80 up to March 1st. During the past year quite a considerable sum was earned by the older girls and boys, some of the latter earning sufficient to pay for their board. As the industrial work gets established, these earnings will steadily increase, so that for some time before the boys leave the Orphanage they will be no expense, and when, after a thorough training, they do leave, they will be able to earn a decent living, as carpenters, blacksmiths, etc. Their industrial training is of the greatest importance,—without a trade they would have no chance of making a living, as being Christians they will be 'out-castes,' so it is our plain duty to fit them as well as we can for the struggle in life that lies before them.

One recent contributor sent in a subscription in memory of a dear little one who died some years ago, realizing that joy on earth as well as in heaven would be the result of such a memorial; rather singularly in the year of the Society's organization, 1897, a devoted Christian worker came to Winnipeg from the East, immediately after the death of a very dear daughter; a great opportunity for special Christian effort (the organizing of the Young Women's Christian Association) brought her; hearing of this Society, and the work it was preparing for amongst the famine orphans in India, she became a member, and also paid in the subscription necessary to maintain a child, in remembrance of her dear departed one. This was the first maintenance fee received, the Society's earliest efforts being devoted to raising funds for the necessary building. This is certainly a very beautiful way of remembering the dear ones who are gone, and far more durable than stone or marble monument, because its results will reach into eternity; we hope this inspiring thought may appeal to many bereaved ones, and that the uplifting and brightening of some darkened little life may help to assuage their own sorrow.

The cost of maintaining an orphan is $18 a year, which includes the membership fee of $1. Will contributors kindly give their name and address, so that receipts can be sent.

(Mrs.) A. S. CRICHTON, Sec.-Treas.,
142 Langside St., Winnipeg.

March 4th, 1907.

Religious Notes.

'The greatest of all philanthropists.' This striking phrase is applied in the Chicago 'Record-Herald' to the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts by W. E. Curtis. And he says in part:

Angela Burdett was undoubtedly the greatest philanthropist that ever lived. No human being, no king, nor emperor, nor plutocrat, ever contributed so much money for charitable purposes, or did more practical deeds of benevolence than she. She expended millions year after year for public and private charities without ostentation or announcement. She endowed several bishoprics in England, Canada, Australia, and South Africa. She built a large parish church in Westminster, three other churches in different parts of London, another in Carlisle, and several in India, Africa and Australia. She erected nobody knows how many schools and established a large number of missions in different parts of the world. You can not go to any tenement house district in London without finding chapels, schoolhouses, hospitals, refuges, night shelters, and other buildings that were erected by her from time to time during the last sixty years.

She cleared several blocks of the foulest slums in London, the most notorious haunts of criminals, and covered them with model dwellings for honest working people. She reformed several of the most degraded districts; she organized many charitable societies for the relief of underpaid working women; she opened reformatories and refuges for the fallen; she equipped thousands of waifs from the streets of London for service in the army and navy; she recruited bootblack brigades and guilds for flower girls, and was the patron of the costermongers, for whom she purchased thousands of donkeys and carts. She had 25 or 30 inspectors constantly employed in investigating the thousands of appeals for aid and relief that were constantly received by her.

Recent news from the representatives of the Paris Missionary Society in Madagascar is very disquieting. On November 23, the French governor-general issued a new edict concerning private schools, dividing them into three classes: Those carried on by Europeans for the children of Europeans; those for natives, carried on by authorized European or native teachers; and those for native children of both sexes, under twelve years of age, carried on by natives without a diploma. These last are missionary schools, and will hereafter be allowed only when there is no other public or private school within five miles. Thus it will be impossible to start Protestant work among native children, where a Roman Catholic school already exists. Other paragraphs of the edict lay additional burdens upon the missionary schools and are not conducive to rapid progress. The seventeenth paragraph is especially dangerous, threatening their very existence. It orders that no private schools shall be located in churches or in buildings used for religious purposes. Schools thus located must make the necessary changes within two months.

Of the three hundred educational institutions of the Paris Missionary Society in Madagascar, about two hundred and seventy are located in churches or buildings used for religious purposes, and new quarters could not be provided before February because the rainy season prevents building. Protestant missionaries are very much troubled, especially since they believe that the French governor-general of Madagascar desires that the State shall control all schools and thus do away with the teaching of Protestant principles.

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

LESSON.—APRIL 14, 1907.

God Gives Jacob a New Name.

Gen. xxiii., 9-12; 22-30. Memory verses, 26-28. Read Gen. xxix., 35.

Golden Text.

Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven. Luke x., 20.

Home Readings.

Monday April 8.—Gen. xxxii., 1-20.
Tuesday, April 9.—Gen. xxxii., 21-32.
Wednesday, April 10.—Gen. xxxiii., 1-20.
Thursday, April 11.—Gen. xxxv., 1-15.
Friday, April 12.—II. Kings. i., 14-35.
Saturday, April 13.—Ps. xxxiv., 1-22.
Sunday, April 14.—Hos. xii., 1-14.

For the Junior Classes.

Do you remember we were speaking last Sunday about seeds, and how a nasturtium seed must grow up into a nasturtium, and nothing else if it grows at all? And we spoke about the sins of our lives that grow up and make a horrid crop for us to gather, and that no sin can grow up into a beautiful thing. Does anyone remember the man who had a strange dream, and what the dream was? Of course, you do; a dream like that was very easy to remember. So God showed Jacob that even though he had done wrong and seemed to be all alone yet, God was with him, and would help him. But he did not take away his punishment. He had done wrong and had to suffer for it. For a great many years he had to work hard, and couldn't get home once, for he lived far away from his home. He was afraid of his brother whom he had treated so badly. But in our lesson to-day we are to learn about how he came home at last. He went away all alone, but God had been with him, and helped him, and now he was coming home a very rich man. You see God had seen in his heart a little seed that you or I would have likely not seen at all, and God had trained and guarded it until it was a strong plant now. That was his faith in God.

The lesson will be easy to cover as a story for the little ones, as there is no need to touch on subjects deeper than Jacob's helplessness and fear caused by his sin of long ago, God's presence, and our need of asking for God's help.

For the Seniors.

There is much between this and last Sunday's lesson that is very hard to understand. There is no necessity to palliate Jacob's faults as faults, but to a large extent they were the failings of the time and did not loom as black in those days as they do in these times of greater light. As a matter of fact Jacob's sharp dealings with Laban were far more honest than the general business trickery of to-day. He was not free from the consequences of his wrong doing in any case, and the troubles of his home life are the natural outcome of the perverted domestic course he followed. Driven from the home of his exile by the jealousy of his relatives he was returning to his old home only to be halted in fear of the brother whose revenge he might justly dread. It is here that there comes some evidence of a deeper nature, something worth while in Jacob. Certainly his love for Rachel had proved that there were depths worth reaching in his nature, but the prayer with which the lesson opens shows a great advance on the prayer or, rather, vow, with which he set out on his journey. It is beautiful in the humility expressed which the later earnest persistence shows to have been by no means weakness. The change of name was God's recognition of a change of nature.

(Selections from Tarbell's 'Guide.')

Verse 25.—The hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint. 'The thigh is the pillar of a man's strength, and its joint with the hip is the seat of physical force for the wrestler.' If the thigh-bone be thrown out of joint, the man is utterly disabled. Jacob finds that his self-reliant strength is only weakness. Jacob can no longer even stand.

Now both his mood and his method change. He can no longer wrestle, but he can cling. He does cling, exclaiming: 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me.' And He blessed him there. Not toward 'wrestling prayer,' but from it and toward clinging prayer, does the incident look, and the lesson it teaches is a deep and mighty one—We overcome not as we self-reliantly trust ourselves, but as we dependently and persistently lay hold of and cling to the strength of God.—Wayland Hoyt, in 'Homiletic Review.'

Verse 29.—Wherefore dost thou ask after my name? God refused to tell His name. In this seems to lie a most important truth. Names have a power, a strange power, of hiding God. Speech has been bitterly defined as the art of hiding thought. Well, that sarcastic definition has in it a truth. The Eternal Word is the Revealer of God's thought, and every true word of man is originally the expression of a thought; but by degrees the word hides the thought. Language is valuable for the things of this life, but for the things of the other world, it is an encumbrance almost as much as an assistance. . . . If Jacob had got a word, that word might have satisfied him. He would have said, 'Now I understand God, and know all about him.'—F. W. Robertson.

Jacob was at first as weak a character as we can conceive. But he laid hold on God, and would not let the blessing go; till at last we find him grown to the spiritual stature in which he passes from our sight.

So it may be with any here. Who feels his weakness? Who most distrusts himself? God's love has come within your reach. Above all, lay hold of Christ. He is near you—nearer your youth than, if you refuse Him now, He can ever appear to your later years.—George Adam Smith.

The virtue that comes out victorious in the crisis must have been nourished and cultivated in the humdrum moments.—Alexander Maclaren.

I will never presume, because I am a man; I will never despair, because I have a God.—Feltham.

(From Peloubet's Notes.)

'What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked though locked up in steel
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.'
—Shakespeare.

'Conscience is harder than our enemies,
Knows more, accuses with more nicety.'
—George Eliot.

'What a strange thing is an old dead sin, laid away in a secret drawer of the soul! Must it some time or other be moistened with tears, until it comes to life again, and begins to stir in our consciousness, as the dry wheat-animalcule, looking like a grain of dust, becomes alive if it is wet with a drop of water?'—Holmes. This is just what happened to Jacob.

Verse 28.—And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel. 'This was in accordance with the very ancient custom of taking a new name from any important event or experience in life. It gave rise to the Christian custom of bestowing a new name at baptism, from which practice first names are still called Christian names.'—Todd.

Bible References.

Jas. iv., 10; Gen. xlviii., 15, 16; II. Cor. i., 8, 9; Rom. viii., 16; John xv., 7; Prov. xxii., 1.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 14.—Topic—Lessons from the Patriarchs. III. Jacob. Gen. xlviii., 1-19.

Junior C. E. Topic.

WISDOM.

Monday, April 8.—Be wise to observe. Ps. cvii., 43.

Tuesday, April 9.—God gives wisdom.—Prov. ii., 6.

Wednesday, April 10.—The fear of God. Job. xxviii., 20-28.

Thursday, April 11.—A good understanding. Ps. cxi., 10.

Friday, April 12.—Seek the Lord. Prov. xxviii., 5.

Saturday, April 13.—Where is wisdom found? Job. xxviii., 12-20.

Sunday, April 14.—Topic—How to be truly wise. Prov. ix., 10; Jas. i., 5.

A Phase.

Sotted with drink and dirt; swearing, stumbling,
Staggering on the way; she took him home.
She heeded not the thoughtless urchin's taunts
Nor the derisive glance of stronger men.
Debauched, shameless, sunk lower than the brutes;
Foul mouth, foul breath, blear eyes, filth, rags, and all—
He was her own, the inmate of her heart.

Exhausted with his weight, she dragged him in
Where pale-faced, hungry children shrank away;
Bound up his wounds, received in bar-room brawls,
And gave him of her cupboard's meagre store.
Dog-like she bore his brutal kicks and blows,
She strove and pleaded, suffered like a saint;
And when his ravings stopped in stupid sleep,
She, with her children huddled to her skirts,
Crouched silent in a corner and kept watch.

James Ravenscroft, in the 'New Voice.'

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THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

This was followed by silence—the silence that is golden. Mr. Hayes spoke feelingly, and Jennie Bardsley felt its force.

It was a bright and lovely Sabbath morning. The soft and balmy breath of early autumn brought with it health and freshness, and Jennie Bardsley was easily persuaded to extend her walk to Alice's home on the Scanton Road. She knew that Walter was sure to be there, to help her home again if she needed it. Mr. Dunwell had elected to saunter in the same direction with his two younger children, whose enjoyment of 'a walk with papa' could hardly be expressed in words.

Of course, these also must cross Mr. Norwood Hayes' hospitable threshold. Mrs. Hayes had 'one of her headaches' that morning: that, at least, was Alice's way of accounting for her non-appearance. The truth was that she was laid upon what she called her 'couch of weakness' in a small parlor off the drawing-room, in silent rebellion against prohibition principles, and trying to pass the weary hours on a mental diet of trashy novels.

Alice, of course, had to act as hostess. Jennie Bardsley was content to take a biscuit and a glass of water; the wants of Mr. Dunwell's bonnie children were met by a slice or two of cake, or better still, a cheese-cake with currants in; and to restore Mr. Dunwell's exhausted energies, after his arduous morning labors, the resources of the sherry decanters were offered and accepted.

Of course, Miss Alice could not leave her papa negected. His diaconal responsibilities were only second to those of the pastor himself.

'What will you take, papa?' said the waiting handmaid, not at all in a whisper, or even in 'softened tones and voice subdued,' though her mother, the victim of sumptuary laws, was quite within hearing.

'O, I don't mind, my dear,' was Mr. Norwood Hayes' response.

'O, no, that won't do,' said Mr. Dunwell. 'You must not leave me to sip my wine alone. Take a glass of sherry with me, at least for company.'

'O, well, so be it,' said Mr. Hayes.

In a little while an addition is made to the little group. Farmer Stipson, of Scanton Grange, was not only a good customer, but a recognized acquaintance, and according to Mr. Hayes, was 'one of the best fellows going, and if he only had religion to give himself control, would be a splendid soul.'

'Good morning,' said the farmer, as he entered the room, making an inclusive bow to all and sundry, and proceeding at once to 'business.'

'I say, Hayes, I just want a word with you about that new threshing machine. I was riding by—I've got a young horse in training—and I thought this will save me a journey to-morrow. Will you take my offer?'

'Excuse me, Mr. Stipson,' said Mr. Hayes, 'I never transact business on a Sunday.'

'O, nonsense,' said Stipson, with a short laugh. 'I'm not going to pay you money to-day, or ought o' that sort. Just a word 'll settle the thing, you know.'

'It's the Lord's Day,' said Mr. Hayes, seriously and reverentially. 'And I honor the fourth commandment, as indeed I would seek to honor the whole ten, and I cannot speak to you on that subject. Business to-morrow, if you please, and as much of it as you please.'

The farmer rose; he was a little nettled, evidently, and was willing to leave without further speech on the subject.

'I'll ride over to the Grange first thing in the morning,' said Mr. Hayes, as a second thought. 'You won't lose any time then.'

'O, well,' said Stipson, still a little sore, and speaking a little gruffly, 'that may do, but I can't understand your scruples——'

'Never mind it, now it's settled,' said the deacon, naturally anxious to conciliate a very valuable client of his firm. 'Here, have a glass of sherry before you go.'

'No, thank you,' said Stipson, speaking frankly and brusquely as was usual with him. 'I've been overrunning the constable lately, and must pull up a bit.'

'O well,' said Mr. Hayes, thinking of nothing at that moment but the desirability of putting the farmer into good feeling after his rebuff. Such a purchase as the one in hand meant large profits, and who can blame the shrewd man of business for trying to secure them? 'A glass won't harm you. It will give an edge to your appetite for dinner.' Then nodding towards Mr. Dunwell, pastor of Zion chapel, he added, 'You can't do better than follow a good example.'

'Very well,' said Stipson, resuming his seat, 'anything to oblige,' and tipping down the sherry at a gulp, he handed the empty glass to be refilled.

Anything to oblige! Even the risk of body and soul. A second glass he was content to sip more leisurely, and he became more conversational and at home.'

'I'm glad,' said he, turning to the pastor of Zion's, 'that you aren't one of them namby-pamby teetotalers, Parson Dunwel, I can't abide 'em.'

'No,' said the pastor, not particularly happy to have the compliment from that quarter, and taking up his hat as he saw Stipson's glass again empty. 'I prefer to let my moderation be known unto all men.'

Mr. Stipson, too, went forth from Mr. Norwood Hayes' most hospitable roof, mounted the young horse he was training, and turned his steps, not homeward, as he first intended, but towards Netherborough—they kept splendid sherry at the 'Griffin.'

CHAPTER XIX.

When Farmer Stipson arrived at the 'Griffin,' he found the private bar already occupied by some half-dozen habitues, who had come to obtain their usual Sunday morning dram, as the fitting finish to their Sunday morning stroll, and the equally fitting preparation for their Sunday dinner. After dinner, they will need a further dram as 'a digestive.'

'Good morning, Stipson. Why, we thought we'd lost you. You haven't been here for a month o' Sundays. What will you take?'

The speaker was Dick Bardsley, the brother of young Walter Bardsley, and the champion of champagne at the great Netherborough fete.

'Morning,' said Stipson, in his usual gruff and rough-and-ready fashion—just now, perhaps, more gruff than ordinary. 'No, I haven't. The fact is, I haven't any business to be here now.'

Farmer Stipson was not in a good temper. He was vexed with himself. He inwardly cursed himself for a fool, and he had another silent curse to spare for Pastor Dunwell, and another for Mr. Norwood Hayes, the two men who had been the means of his coming there. He felt like taking vengeance on himself for breaking his resolve. He knew that he was now committed to another drinking bout, which in all probability would be longer and heavier, because of the interval since his last indulgence. Yet, even now, had there been a restraining hand, and a kindly, deterring voice to aid him, he might have made his escape.

'Nonsense, man,' quoth Dr. Medway, who, having finished his morning round among his patients, found a change, after dispensing healing medicines to others, to mixing deleterious doses for himself.

'Sit you down. Here, waiter, bring us a pint of sherry. I'll pay the piper. Stipson, you're below par, my good fellow, and that's the medicine I prescribe for you.'

'There, now! That's something like a prescription, that is. Doctor, I feel a little below par myself. Just pass the dose.' The speaker this time was Lawyer Everett, Witty Everett, they called him.'

This piece of taproom humor was greeted with general laughter, in which Stipson joined. That was the little oil in which he slid down into acquiescence with his fate. He drank the sherry, which Medway ostentatiously placed within his reach. O, poor wife and mother, watching at the farmyard gate with anxious face and shaded eyes, cease your gazing, George will not come to-day!

The conversation in the bar-parlor soon turned on politics. This is a topic held in much favor by topers in general, and by toper-makers—brewers, publicans, etc., in particular. This may help to account for the beery and blundering character of the legislation with which this long-suffering land has been afflicted. It is a thing to thank God for that the principles of temperance and sobriety are fast permeating the councils and the councillors of the nation, and that the vicious element, strong drink, as a factor in English politics is a rapidly diminishing quantity.

Now politics is a topic that has a good deal of tinder in it; and sherry, especially in its energetically doctored condition, is replete with latent combustive forces.

Lawyer Everett, as was natural, could take any side; and could defend that in which he did not believe quite as forcibly as that to which he had pledged his vote. In the bar-room of the 'Griffin,' that day, he took it into his head to be a Liberal. Farmer Stipson, like most farmers of the old school, was a stubborn Conservative. He was a strong and active partisan, and a choleric one. He was soon roused into a condition of feeling, in which he lost his self-control. In this state he began to call for his own supplies of liquor; drinking without knowing it, and rapidly reducing himself to a condition of absolute incapability.

One by one his 'friends,' becoming aware of his state, took occasion to retire. And so it came to pass that before the bells of Netherborough called the burghers to afternoon service in the church, he fell asleep, rolled helplessly over, and lay like a log upon the parlor floor.

Thus he lay until Marvell, the landlord, appeared upon the scene. He knew his customer of old, and had him carried, as he had done many a time before, into a musty, comfortless, private parlor, for the most part unused, and placing him in a big, old-fashioned, and comfortless setee, shut the door upon him, and left him to sleep off the effects of the extravagant measure of liquors he had imbibed.

So the Sabbath afternoon wore slowly on. The 'Griffin,' the 'Netherborough Arms,' and all the more reputable 'publics' enjoyed a season of comparative quiet, until the evening hours should fill tap-room and bar with bibulous life again.

When the shades of evening were gathered round, the miserable Stipson came to be partially himself again. For awhile he failed to realize where he was, or what had happened to him. Then the whole horrible business of that Sabbath morning came back to mind and memory like a lightning stroke. He felt a strange sensation, as of a blow upon the head, a fainting, sinking feeling, as if he were sliding down. An unspeakable despair got hold upon him; a conviction that was strong as certainty that his last chance was gone; that he could never, never, never again even try to elude the grasp of the demon that had gripped his soul and life!

(To be Continued.)

BOYS AND GIRLS

What a Boy Can Do.

A boy can make the world more pure
By kindly word and deed,
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure
By lips kept ever clean,
Silence can influence shed as sure
As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more pure
By an exalted aim,
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme,
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be—
What grander, more sublime?

—Selected.

Old Dobbin's Trick.

(Hilda Richmond, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

The children were very fond of riding old Dobbin to and from the pasture and everywhere else they could think of going. The old horse was very patient and never seemed to mind the little load perched on his broad back, for his working days were over, and this was just a little exercise for him. First Bobby would scramble on from the fence, then Bess, and last of all, little Paul. All three of them would not make a good-sized boy, grandpa said, but grandpa thought city children were all to small for their years.

'Let's go down to the pond,' said Bobby, clinging to Dobbin's mane, while Bess helped Paul on one hot day in spring. It was warm enough to be very lazy, but the children did not know that animals get lazy as well as people. 'Maybe we can find some flowers on the bank.'

'All right,' cried the other children. 'That will be fun,' but Dobbin did not think so at all.

'Whoa! whoa!' cried the children, trying to turn old Dobbin's head toward the pond, when he seemed determined to go to the pasture. Pull at his halter, Bobby,' screamed Bess, but the old horse calmly started in the direction of the pasture. He had been pack horse for the children before dinner, and now he wanted to rest.

'Mean old thing!' said little Paul. 'We'll have to walk back from the pasture, if we don't get off right here.'

'We can't get off until we get to a fence,' said Bobby, for mamma had told them never to try to slip down to the ground from their high perch.

'Pull him over to the old waggon,' said Bess. 'We don't want to walk all that way through the hot sun.'

'I can't do a thing with him,' said Bobby, tugging at the halter with might and main. 'We'll have to wait until he gets to the gate at the pasture field.'

But Dobbin did not want to go to the pasture field just then. Straight to the brook he marched, and waded in just where the stream widened into a cunning little pool, with willow trees bending over it. Here he calmly stood brushing off a stray fly or two, and never heeding the efforts of the children to have him move. They kicked and pounded and scolded, but their bare feet and little hands did not hurt the old fellow, who seemed to be having a very good time.

It really was only an hour until mamma set out to hunt up the children, but they thought old Dobbin must have stayed in the pool a whole week. Mamma had to laugh when she saw the forlorn little group, but she tried to coax Dobbin with oats and corn to come out and release his prisoners. At last the hired man waded in and carried the children to the bank, and then the old horse waded out too, as if nothing had happened. He sauntered to the barn and stood waiting for his oats, just as if it was supper time, and he had worked all the afternoon.

'I'll never like old Dobbin again, said Paul. 'He's a mean horse.'

'Why, no,' said mamma. 'He only played a little trick on you and Bess and Bobby. Do you like to have the boys and girls get angry when you play little jokes?'

Dobbin did not play any more tricks that summer, but the children learned to be kinder to him. They found out that he liked to rest on hot afternoons under the willows, so they took only short rides in the mornings after the day he kept them in the middle of the pool.

'I guess he only wanted to teach us a lesson,' said Bess, when they had to say goodbye to the old horse and go back to school in the fall. 'I'm glad he took such a nice way to do it and didn't shake us off in the water.'

Tried by Fire.

Dr. S. McFarlane, a medical missionary in China under the London Missionary Society, tells the following encouraging incident in connection with his work:

A young man came to me, and a cart had been over his leg, and he was carried on the back of a door to my hospital. We treated him in the ordinary way. He was in the hospital about six weeks. When he came to the hospital his mind was blank, he did not know a thing; he had never heard the name of Jesus; it was line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little; but that mind opened up. When that young man left our hospital, he walked away healed in his body and saved in his soul. I wish that China was not so far away, and that you could just come and see some of our native Christians. What is the kind of stuff native Christians are made of? Let me tell you what happened to that young man. He went home, and his father and mother were absolutely delighted beyond measure that he was able to walk home quite well now. They said: 'We will have to make that doctor a present.' So they brought us a presentation tablet and we thanked them. Often, also, larger presents are brought. The other day we had 75 chickens and 200 eggs, which went to help the expenses of the hospital.

But, to return to that young man. The father said to him: 'Now, my boy, this is the fifteenth moon' (the 1st and 15th of the month are two idolatrous days in China, in which the Mandarin and others have to worship at the temple). He got a little bundle of incense and placed it down, and said: 'There, my lad, that is your little bundle.' What did the young man say? He said, 'Father, I only arrived home last night, and I want to tell you this. You know that idol up the street; ever since I have been a baby it has only had one ear. If that idol had been alive it would have grown another ear. You worshipped it for a long time. Father, have you had any good out of that idol?' 'Well, my boy, I cannot say I ever have.' 'No, you have had no good with that. Father, since I have been to that Chi Chou Mission Hospital I have learned that there is a home beyond the grave; I have learned that there is a Saviour who died on Calvary for me. Father, it is no good going along the road with a skewer thrust through each cheek, trying to atone for your sin and store up merit. There is no merit except in Jesus Christ our Saviour. Father, I have been a Christian since I have been in the hospital, and I cannot worship that idol now because my Master says He is a jealous God and there is but one God.'

What does that father say? Does he throw his arms round that boy like your mother and say: 'Thank God, my boy! Tell us more of this home after death; I would like to hear more about it?' No; that father took that young lad by his queue, opened the door, shoved him out, and cursed him as he went, saying: 'Never darken the doors of my home again.' He went out of that home with his earthly father's curse, but with his heavenly Father's blessing. He went up the street—the man could not keep it in—and told some beggars in a temple about his story. Some got up and walked away. He tried the next village. At last he came to a village where the people had heard a British and Foreign Bible Society's colporteur, and they asked him: 'Is not that the same Jesus' religion that you have heard? Sit down and tell us more about it.' That little meeting spread and spread and spread until they had a proper little service in that village; and it spread to the village where his father lived; and before the Boxer row in North China, if you had gone to that village, you would have seen a nice little church there, with thirty or forty church members; and the father that cursed his son as he left that door was a member of that church. My dear friends, that is what Medical Missions do; they bring the Gospel to the world. We, as medical missionaries, can go to the homes of people where the ordinary missionary sometimes cannot go, and you can by Medical Missions get at the hearts of those people.—'Missionary Witness.'

The Hardest Work of All.

'Why, Lion, you here still!' cried a fox terrier, as he bounded across a narrow stream and alighted close to the spot where a curly black retriever with a bushy tail mounted guard over a fishing rod and basket that lay on the ground beside him.

'Yes, I'm here,' said Lion.

'You must have had a lively time of it,' cried the terrier; 'why, it's more than two hours since I saw you before, and you had been here a good bit then. You wouldn't catch me wasting my time like that; I've been all round the farm; stirred up a rabbit warren, and sent the young ones flying; started a whole flock of sheep on the run; and done no end of business while you've been lying on the grass doing nothing.'

'Nothing!' said Lion; 'do you call it nothing to do the work my master has given me?'

'I don't call lying on the grass for two hours work,' said the terrier.

'Don't you?' said Lion; 'perhaps that's because you never tried it. I find it harder than any I ever had, but my master chose it, and that's enough for me.'—'Day of Days.'

Just a Hint.

As a very little increase of high-class general advertising would enable us to greatly improve and enlarge the 'Messenger,' it is to the interest of our readers to mention the 'Messenger' whenever answering advertisements in its columns, and so encourage good advertisers.

QUICK WORK.

Saskatchewan, March 12, 1907.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Sirs.—Enclosed find eighty cents to pay for twelve 'Canadian Pictorials' received yesterday, and sold after school last night.

Yours truly,

CECIL HARRISON.

This is the sort of agent we delight in. We would like to get FIVE HUNDRED such boys AT ONCE—TO-DAY. We could keep them all busy. Will you be one of them? Drop us a postal this very day, and we will send you a package of twelve to start on, and a letter of instructions. We give premiums or commission, as you choose. Special cash-in-advance price. Further particulars of premiums elsewhere in this issue.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Gulliver's Adventures Among the Giants.

(By Dean Swift, as edited by W. T. Stead, for 'Books for the Bairns.')

(Continued.)

I remember, one morning when Glumdalclitch had set me in my box upon a window, as she usually did in fine days, to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet-cake for my breakfast, about twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I despatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges; I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all, and having since shown them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England, I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

WASPS AS LARGE AS PARTRIDGES.

I now intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled, in it, which was not about two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the Queen, whom I always attended, never went farther when she accompanied the King in his progresses, and there stayed till his Majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reacheth about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains, thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable, by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops; neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. Now and then they take a whale, that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large, that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes, for curiosity, they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud. I saw one of them in a dish at the King's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think indeed the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The King's palace is no regular edifice, but a heap of buildings, about seven miles round; the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly, one day my nurse carried me thither, but I must truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top. The walls are nearly a hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors, cut in marble larger than life, placed in their several niches. I measured a finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The King's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide by ten paces as the cupola of St. Paul's, for I measured the latter on purpose after my return.

His Majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables; they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended for state by a militia guard of five hundred horse.

(To be Continued.)

The Sky.

The sky is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him than in any part of her works, and it is just the fact which man regards with least attention. Every essential purpose of the sky might be answered, so far as we know, if once in three days or thereabouts a great, ugly, black rain cloud were brought up over the blue sky, and everything well watered, and then all left again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning or evening mist for dew. But instead of this there is not a moment or a day in any of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. Yes, the sky is for all, sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together, almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness; its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal in us is essential.—John Ruskin.

Dr. Lorimer and the Blots and Stars.

A Baptist minister, speaking in a small chapel, in Somersetshire, made the following statement: 'At the close of a service I had conducted in a northern church, a gentleman came into the vestry, and said, "Sir, your sermon has done me good." I answered, "Thank you; that is why I preach." The stranger continued, "Many years ago I was a little lad in this school. One Sunday afternoon the superintendent called the school together to deliver an address. He held before us a card, on which there were five black blots, and, pointing to them, said, 'Boys, girls, you can make your life like that.' Then, turning the card round, he displayed five golden stars, and he repeated, 'Boys, girls, you can make your life like that.' The address was finished. In great silence a simple prayer was offered, and the school was dismissed. But the blots and the stars were before my eyes. A few years passed, and I went to America, but through all the struggles and changes and temptations the blots and the stars were before my eyes; till at length, with all my sins and blots and burdens, I found my way to the Cross, and the days of the golden stars began. I immediately sought work in the Sunday-school, and after a time I was appointed teacher of the Young Men's Bible-class. God was good to me, and honored me, and the class flourished. In consequence, two or three of the elders of the church advised me to enter the ministry, and, by their help, I was able to take up my residence at college. That is now many years ago. Here is my card—'Dr. Lorimer,'—and I seem to owe all to the lesson on the blots and stars."'

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She breathed a prayer to the Master,
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She spoke a word for the Master,
A simple little word,
And yet a lonely sin-sick soul
Found comfort as she heard.

She did a deed for the Master,
'Twas but a humble deed—
And yet it fitted perfectly
A weary sister's need.

She gave her mite to the Master,
A mite was all she had—
And yet, oh, wondrous power of love,
It made the Master glad!

—Waif.

Remember the Birthdays.

(Mrs. Carrie Ashton-Johnson, in the 'Observer.')

Birthdays are milestones on the journey of life which should never pass unnoticed. It takes very little to make a child happy, and the memory of those pleasant occasions remain with us forever. Poverty is no excuse for ignoring these days. The writer remembers well an illustration of this point, which is well worth relating.

A large family who were never anything but poor, and yet who got the most out of life, had the most delightful birthday celebrations. In order to do it the most rigid economy was practiced in other ways. The gifts were always trifling, but each member of the family remembered the occasion. There was always a pretty frosted birthday cake and an extra good supper. Usually one or two friends were invited in to help celebrate. The good mother whose thoughtfulness was manifest through every day's service was a burden-bearer, who seldom saw or knew a moment's rest, and yet would never have thought of letting a birthday pass unnoticed. I feel sure that her loved ones have memories of those 'good old days,' which are worth far more to them than worldly wealth.

Surprises add much to the enjoyment of little folks, so if the plans can be kept quiet it will add interest to the festivities. Only goodwill and thoughtfulness are necessary to make a happy birthday.

A bunch of flowers, a pretty blossoming plant or fern, a basket or box of confectionery, either home-made or otherwise, a book, or year's subscription to a good magazine, or some little gift which has been especially desired, will afford a great deal of pleasure. Above all do not forget a little card or note of greeting which after all is the best part of the gift. For the benefit of those who must depend upon quotations, a few are given below, which are especially suited to birthdays:

'Many birthday greetings I send you, also that many more birthdays may you live to see, and may they bring increased joy to you.'

'God crown to-day with happiness
And each succeeding birthday bless,
And all your heart holds dear.
God bless and keep you, as you climb
The ever sunny heights of time
As year speeds after year.'

'All hail to the day of your birth on this morn,
For your health and prosperity always I pray.
May your life be all roses and free from a thorn,
May you have many happy returns of the day.'

'And as years roll round
With unwearying ground,
And old age creeps on as we travel our way;
Yet still with a wish that life only can bound
I'll wish you a happy return of the day.'

'Just a simple token,
Sent in Friendship's name,
Wishes that unspoken,
Still a hearing claim;
Wishes and a greeting,
Tender, loyal, true,
From a heart that's beating
With a thought of you.'

'Best wishes I bring from one
Who loves you dearly,
And begged me not to forget
To tell you clearly,
These wishes are from the heart,
And not words merely,'

By no means should the older members of the family be forgotten. It is quite as important to have unselfishness taught at an early age, and even the little children should be taught to save their pennies and buy or make something for papa and mamma, and the dear grandma and grandpa.

Correspondence

C. I., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father carries the mail from this island to Thessalon, which is twenty-five miles away across Lake Huron. In the fall he took the mail across in a tug, but now that the lake is frozen over he takes the ponies and light sleighs. We have a good sleigh dog, and often go for a sleigh ride with him. We have another dog, but he is old, and we seldom hitch him up to the sleigh. We have a heavy team of horses and a team of ponies. One of the ponies we girls often harness and go for a cutter ride with, but the other one has never been harnessed to a cutter.

The other day I was out at a camp, about three miles from here, going by land, but we went about three miles on the ice, then went to shore, and went to the camp on the road, where the men 'haul' the logs to the dump. The logs look very nice piled away up on the 'skids.' I have five sisters and three brothers. I am fourteen years old.

FLORENCE REID.

G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old, the eldest of six brothers. We live on a farm, and have lots of fun. I have an old horse, twenty-five years old, called Min. My mother has taken the 'Messenger' for years, and we all enjoy it very much.

RICHIE BRADLEY.

L., Wash.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a great many years, and we like it very much. I am twelve years old. I and my two sisters and one brother go to school. We have two miles to walk there. I am in the fourth grade. There are nine in my class. I have four sisters and three brothers. Four trains a day pass here, four up, and four down. These are passenger, freight, and logging and lumber trains. We came out to Washington in 1905 from Canada. The trains go right by our door.

ALEXINE MANLOW.

C., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I am the eldest, and have two little sisters called Jean and Lillias. Jean will be six on the 2nd of April, and Lillias 3 in September. I have not far to go to school, and like to go. This is Sunday. We have no Sunday school here, and I have been to church once this year. Aunty Lilly brought me a parcel of 'Messengers' last week, for me to read. My grandma gets three copies at her place, and I like the stories in it. We live on a farm.

GLADYS M. RITCHIE.

D., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am 12 years of age, and I am in the eighth grade. We have no school just now as our teacher has measels. There has been great skating and coasting this winter, but the weather is very changeable. I have four sisters, all younger than myself. I am tending my uncle's barn and am earning $1.00 a week. He has six head of cattle and six sheep.

STANLEY MINGO.

[You did not send the answer to your riddle, Stanley, so it had to be left out.—Ed.]

E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am writing to thank you for the nice Bible which you sent me for getting subscribers for the 'Messenger.' It paid me well, and my sister is going to try for another. I hope the little girls and boys that read my letter will try and get subscribers too. Harold McKay was the only one that answered my riddle correctly. Now, I am going to send another, and boys and girls, don't let Harold beat you this time. If a man were carrying a dozen lamps and let one fall, what would he become?

ANNA JEAN ROBSON.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of a hundred and fifty acres, and have great fun in the summer. We live a mile and a half from the school, but it is good walking nearly all the time. In the winter we play hockey, and have great fun. There are some hills around here, so we have great coasting.

LESLIE HOLMES.

OUR PICTURES

1. 'Rooster.' Harold Freeman, R., Ont.
2. 'Simple Simon Went a-fishing.' Jean Thompson, T., Ont.
3. 'Prince.' E. Connie Bodwell (aged 10), B., N.H.
4. 'Pussy Cat.' Marjorie Wilson (aged 13), C., Man.
5. 'Billy.' Flossie Beddome, R., Sask.
6. 'My Dolly.' Beatrice Bolter (aged 13), C., N.B.
7. 'Jug and Glasses.' Etta Gibson (aged 13), E., Ont.
8. 'Apple.' Aggie Bailey (aged 9), C., Ont.
9. 'Kitchen Lamp.' Clara Byers (aged 11), F., Ont.
10. 'Patient.' Mabel E. A. Seale, M., Que.
11. 'Sweet Apples.' William Cumming, V., Que.
12. 'A Knife.' Berkely Parrott (aged 10), B., Ont.
13. 'In Holland.' John D. Campbell (aged 9), V., Ont.
14. 'House.' A. R. McHarg (aged 7), M. H., Que.
15. 'Indian.' A. G., L., Alta.
16. 'Horse.' M. M., L., Alta.
17. 'Cup and Saucer.' Edna Eagle (aged 10), H., Ont.
18. 'Clock.' Randolph Erskine (aged 11), A., Ont.
19. 'Iroquois Tent.' Harry Sanderson (aged 13), F., Ont.
20. 'Our Windmill.' Fred Teeter (aged 11), S., Ont.
21. 'My Twin Sister and I.' Annie Homer (aged 10), L. W. H., N.S.
22. 'A Dude.' 'Otter,' W., Ont.
23. 'A Lady.' Mildred McDonald, V. H., Ont.
24. 'The Little Reciter.' Maggie Evans (aged 12), T. M., N.B.
25. 'In Trouble.' M. R. V. B. (aged 12), P., N.S.
26. 'A Yacht.' Albert Stuart (aged 12), N., Que.
27. 'A House.' Thomas R. McKay, L. B., N.S.
28. 'A Cottage.' Gladys Jones (aged 10), B., Que.
29. 'A Barn.' Clarence Nettleton (aged 8), P., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

K. M. D., E. V., Que., is very pleased with the fountain pen premium she received as a successful 'Messenger' agent. This is the fourth premium so won. She also answers Elmo Taylor's second riddle (March 22)—Because the men have something better to kiss.

Traviss Hadley, H., Ont., has a dog that he has trained to draw his little sister on a sleigh. Your riddle has been asked before, Traviss.

Vera Nairn, W., Ont., also sends a riddle previously asked. We hope you will be successful in your examination, Vera.

Oral Frith, M., Ont., is ten, and has a brother seven years old. Of course you have lots of fun, Oral, summer as well as winter.

Jean Thompson, T., Ont., does not go to school as she is taught at home. Perhaps you will go when you grow older, Jean. Do you have school all alone, or does your brother and sister study with you?

Sandy Craig, M., Ont., is in the same class with his own brother at school. That must make your both work pretty hard so as not to get left behind by the other. Who comes out best, Sandy, you or Harold?

Here's a letter that should certainly have arrived on St. Patrick's Day. Truman Walker, W., N.S., writes with a regular Paddy green ink that would do an Irishman's heart good to see. Looking forward to your summer fishing already, Truman?

Frederick Ralph Burford, H., Ont., answers two riddles, one since answered, the other is wrong. Here is a question he sends—What is it that is brown outside, white inside, and a pool in the middle?

Katie Graham, K., N.B., asks two riddles that have, however, been given before. She is one of those fortunate girls who belong to large families.

Beatrice V. Bolter, C., N.B., says nice things about the editor, again. What a good job we are not shy, isn't it? Your riddles have been asked before, Beatrice, but your drawing will certainly find a place.

Marjorie A. Thomson, T. N., Ont., also sends riddles that have been asked before. There are more compliments in this letter, but this time about the drawings, and they do really deserve praise.

Abram E. Fraser, L. C., N.S., has more good words for the drawings. Abram thought he would write 'because it is a dreadful stormy day, and I could not go to school.' Truly 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.'

Mary Jane Brodie, B., Ont., has been ill all winter. That's a sad kind of winter to spend. We hope the summer will bring back the roses and the strength all little girls should have. Your answer is not quite right, Mary, and your riddle has been asked before.

Angus McLeod, B., N.S., says his father has been building a new kitchen. Of course, you had a hand in it, didn't you, Angus?

'A Pansy' writes from Rockspring, Ont., in spite of the fact that it's a little too soon for pansies to be out. However, this one lives on a farm, so she is likely to be strong enough to take care of herself. Your riddles have been asked before, Pansy.

Grace Martin, G., Ont., says their teacher at school keeps a strap on hand, but surely that need not trouble a young lady eight years of age. You forgot to send answers with your riddles, Grace, so they have to be left out.

Effie Thompson, F., Sask., Collie Matheson, A., C.B.; Laura Sargent, B., Ont.; A. R. McHarg, M. H., P. Que.; and Annie Rose, K. F., P., Que., also sent little letters this week.

LITTLE FOLKS

SUNNY-SUE.
MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL
SUNNY SUE GOT UP ONE DRY
HAPPY, BONNY, BRIGHT & GRY
DID THE VERY BEST SHE COULD
TO BE HELPFUL, SWEET & GOOD.
NOW - OUT OF THESE TINY TWO -
I'D BE 'SUNNY' - WOULDN'T YOU?

CROSS-PATCH.
MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL
CROSS-PATCH GOT UP ONE DRY
WOULDN'T SMILE, WOULDN'T PLAY;
SNATCHED HIS TOYS FROM BABY BROTHER,
SMACKED THE CAT & GRIEVED HIS MOTHER,
ALL "BECAUSE - OR SO 'TIS SAID -
HE GOT THE WRONG WAY OUT OF BED.

'Father Tuck's Annual,' Raphael Tuck & Sons, London.

Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice.

Mother and Father Pigeon lived with their two young pigeons in their home, built high on a post in the king's barn-yard. Every bright morning they would fly away through the beautiful sunshine wherever they pleased, but when evening came, they were sure to come to the pigeon house again.

One evening when they were talking together in their sweet, cooing way, Mother Pigeon said:

'We each have a story to tell, I know; so let each one take his turn, and Father Pigeon begin.'

Then Father Pigeon said:

'To-day I have been down to the shining little stream that runs through the wood. The green ferns grow on either side of it, and the water is cool, cool, cool, cool! for I dipped my feet into it, and wished that you were all there.'

'I know the stream,' cooed Mother Pigeon. 'It turns the wheels of the mills as it hurries along, and is busy all day on its way to the river.'

'To day I have talked with the birds in the garden,' said Sweet Voice, one of the young pigeons, 'the thrush, the blackbird and bluebird, and all. They sang to me and I cooed to them, and together we made the world gay. The bluebird sang of the sunshine, and the blackbird of the harvest; but the thrush sang the sweetest song. It was about her nest in the tree.'

'I heard you all, said Fleet Wing, the other young pigeon, 'for I sat and listened on the high church tower. I was so high up there that I thought I was higher than anything else; but I saw the great sun shining in the sky, and the little white clouds, like sky pigeons, sailing above me. Then, looking down, I saw, far away, this white pigeon house, and it made me very glad, for nothing I saw was so lovely as home.'

'I never fly away from home,' said Mother Pigeon, 'and to-day I visited in the chicken-yard. The hens were all talking and they greeted me with "Good-morning! Good-morning!" and the turkey gobbled "Good morning," and the rooster said "How do you do?" While I chattered with them a little girl came out with a basket of

Doll's Patterns for Nimble Fingers

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INFANT DOLLS' OUTDOOR SUIT.

Eight different sets, each comprising three to six separate garments. Cut in medium size only, but may be altered to suit larger or smaller dolls. Any four sets for twenty cents, single sets, ten cents, or five cents if sent with some other order. Address, PATTERN DEPT., 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian Homestead,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

yellow-corn, and threw some for all. When I was eating my share I longed for my dear ones. And now good-night,' cooed Mother Pigeon, 'it is sleepy time for us all.'

'Coo, coo! good night!' answered the others, and all was still in the pigeon house.

Now, over in the palace, where the king and queen and their one little daughter lived, there was a sound of music and laughter; but the king's little daughter was sad, for early the next morning her Father was to start on a journey, and she loved him so dearly that she could not bear to have him leave her.

The king's little daughter could not go out in the sunshine like Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing, but lay all day within the palace on her silken cushions; for her little feet in their satin slippers were always too weak to carry her about, and her thin little face was as white as a jasmine flower.

The king loved her as dearly as she loved him, and when he saw that she was sad, he tried to think of something to make her glad after he had gone away. At last he called a prince and whispered something to him. The prince told it to a count, and the count to a gentleman-in-waiting.

The gentleman-in-waiting called a footman, and the footman told somebody else, and at last the boy who waited on the cook heard it.

Early next morning he went to the pigeon house, where Mother and Father Pigeon and their two young pigeons lived; and putting his hand through a door, he took Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing out, and dropped them into a basket.

Poor Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing! They were so frightened that they could not coo. They sat very close to each other in the covered basket and wondered when they would see their mother and father and home again.

All the time, as they sat close together in the basket and wondered, they were being taken away from home; for the king had started on his journey, and one of his gentlemen was carrying the basket very carefully with him on his horse.

At last the horse stood still and the basket was taken to the king; and when he opened it the two little pigeons looked up and saw that the sun was high in the sky and that they were far from home.

When they saw they were far from home, they were more frightened than before, but the king spoke so kindly and smoothed their feathers so gently, that they knew he would take care of them.

Then the king took two tiny letters with lovely blue ribbons out of his pocket, and while his gentlemen stood by to see, he fastened one under a wing of each little pigeon.

'Fly away, little pigeons!' he cried, and he tossed them up toward the sky. 'Fly away and carry my love to my little daughter.'

Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice spread their wings joyfully, for they knew that they were free! free! and they wanted to go home.

Everywhere they saw green woods instead of the red roofs and shining windows of the town, and Sweet Voice was afraid, but Fleet Wing said:

'I saw these woods from the tall church steeple. Home is not so far away as we thought.'

Then they lost no time in talking, but turned their heads homeward, and as they flew, the little grey squirrels that ran about in the woods called out to ask them to play, but the pigeons could not stay.

The wood-dove heard them, and called from her tree, 'little cousins, come in!' But the pigeons thanked her and hurried on.

'Home is not so far away,' said Fleet Wing, but he began to fear that he had missed the way, and Sweet Voice was so tired that she begged him to fly on alone.

Fleet Wing would not listen to this, and as they talked they came to a little stream of water with green ferns growing all about, and they knew it must be the very stream that Father Pigeon loved. Then they cooled their tired feet in the fresh water and cooed for joy, for they knew that they were getting nearer home all the time.

Sweet Voice was not afraid then, and as they flew from the shelter of the woods, they saw the tall church steeple with its golden weather-vane.

The sun was in the west, and the windows were all shining in its light, when Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice reached the town. The little children saw them and called, 'Stay with us, pretty pigeons.' But Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing did not rest until they reached the white pigeon house, where Mother and Father Pigeon were waiting.

The cook's boy was waiting too, and the little pigeon's were taken in to see the king's little daughter. When she found the letters which they carried under their wings, she laughed with delight. Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice were very proud to think that they had brought glad news to their princess.

They told it over and over again out in the pigeon house, and Mother and Father Pigeon were glad too.

In the morning, the birds in the garden were told of the wonderful things that had happened to Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice, and even the hens and chickens had something to say when they heard the news.

The thrush said that it all made her think of her own sweet song, and she sang it again to them:

'Wherever I fly from my own dear nest,'
I always come back, for home is the best.'

—'Mother Stories.'

How They Made Up.

Two little children who couldn't agree
Were having a tiff, and were 'mad as could be.'
They looked at each other in silence awhile,
Then a sudden glad thought made one of them smile.

Said she, 'Say, you ain't very mad, are you, Bessie?'
'Well, no,' said the other; 'nor you, are you, Jessie?'
'Then let us make up,' Little Jessie suggested.
'Well, you be the one to begin,' Bess requested.

But that didn't suit. So the tiff lingered still,
While the small-sized disputants were claiming their will;
When, what do you think brought about sunny weather?
Just this—they agreed to begin both together.

—Westminster.

HOUSEHOLD.

For the Busy Mother.

Owing to a fire in the New York factory, we are unable to supply any pattern under No. 2000. Subscribers will please take note of this.

5681.—GIRLS' BODICE WAIST.

One of the prettiest styles of the season is shown in this design for a bodice waist. It closes in the back, and is fitted to the figure in easy graceful lines. The material chosen was pale Rajah silk, worn over an under body of all-over lace. Velvet ribbons form the shoulder straps and belt; the ends of the straps being drawn through silver buckles. The sleeves are shown in the fashionable elbow style, but may be full length if desired. For a girl of sixteen years 3 3-8 yards of material 27 inches wide will be required. Sizes for 15, 16 and 17 years.

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The Brighter Day.

It's coming on the steeps of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
But high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in our graves
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt its coming sound,
And heard its voice of living thunder,
It's coming! Yes, it's coming!

—Anonymous.

The Little Things.

It is in the home that 'les petits soins' are most needed, and most keenly felt. A kiss, or 'You have done well,' or 'I love you,' are manna to the soul from those we love. Not one of us would exchange them for a ton of marble and no end of verses in our honor after death. How quickly the children bred in homes where gentle courtesy is observed can be known! To correct a child before others, to wound his sense of justice, to in any way treat him as if he were not a little man with a right to consideration and care in exact proportion to his weakness and ignorance, is a fatal mistake, which may warp his character for life. A cyclone may not visit our locality in five hundred years, but every summer the canker-worm, the moth, and a dozen varieties of bugs and blights nibble at our harvests and the work of our hands; and it is little things which make homes, churches, and society centres of content and happiness or sources of pain and contention.—Elizabeth Cummings.

Selected Recipes.

SOUR CREAM BISCUIT.— Sift together three pints of flour and one scant teaspoonful of salt. Have ready board, pin, cutter and greased pans and see that the oven is very hot, for they must be put together and baked as quickly as possible. Into one pint of thick sour cream sift (through a fine sieve) one level teaspoonful of baking soda. Stir this for an instant, then mix to a soft dough with the flour. Turn out on the board, pat out an inch thick, cut into rounds, place in the pans, brush the tops with milk and bake at once.

HOMINY.—Hominy is a preparation of Indian corn, broken or ground, either large or small, and is an excellent breakfast dish. Wash the hominy thoroughly in one or two waters, then cover it with twice its depth of cold water, and let it come to a boil slowly. If it be the large hominy, simmer three hours; if the small hominy, simmer one hour. When the water evaporates, add hot water; when done it may be eaten with cream, or allowed to become cold and warmed up in the frying pan, using a little butter to prevent burning. Many prefer to soak it over night, which makes it cook more quickly next day. Hominy makes an acceptable dinner dish cooked thus: Soak a pint of hominy over night, drain, cover with hot milk and boil forty minutes; season with salt and pepper; put it in an au gratin pan, add a pat of butter and a liberal layer of grated Parmesan cheese; bake ten minutes in a quick oven, and serve in the same dish.

Pattern Catalogue.

For the convenience of the busy mothers into whose homes the 'Messenger' goes, we have arranged to supply a catalogue containing from 400 to 500 new designs for ladies', misses' and children's clothes, for spring and summer of 1907, all of which may be ordered through the 'Messenger' Pattern Department. The catalogue also contains practical illustrated hints on the making of fine lingerie and baby clothes. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps, writing name and address in full, that no mistake may occur. Be sure to mention the 'Northern Messenger,' or, if desired, the pattern coupons on this page may be used in ordering the catalogue.

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The Pictorial Publishing Co., Montreal, Can.

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For the best and most sprightly verses, referring to the interesting features of the tribution will be awarded a prize of two dol that a longer poem might miss. Competition not more than six in number at most, describing the activities above represented, and also 'Canadian Pictorial,' there will be awarded a prize of three dollars. The second best contributions will be awarded a prize of two dollars. A good parody might easily win, and one catchy verse might carry off the prize that a longer poem might miss. Competition closes May 31.

That the competition will be restricted to those who know the 'Canadian Pictorial' and can consequently write knowingly about it, it is required that all competition verses be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found both in the April and May numbers of the 'Canadian Pictorial.' These two issues will be mailed in due course to all who remit ten cents with the coupon to be found at the foot of page 11 of this issue.

Household Hints.

To clean mother of pearl wash with whiting and cold water.

A few cloves in the ink bottle will prevent the contents from molding.

Do not keep vinegar in a stone jug, for the acid may affect the glazing and be rendered unwholesome. A glass bottle is the best vinegar receptacle.

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